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ZANE GREY'S *Drift Fence*

A gripping story of the hard
fighting west, packed with blazing
action and romance.



PICTURIZED
EDITION

DRIFT FENCE

BY ZANE GREY



SON - EVERYONE IN ARIZONA KNOWS JIM TRAFF. WE'LL BE AT HIS PLACE IN A JIFFY.



WITHIN THE HOUR THEY ARRIVED AT JIM TRAFF'S RANCH.



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GOOD SEEING YOU, JIM!
YOU'VE GROWN INTO
A FINE MAN.



BOYS, SHAKE HANDS WITH MY NEPHEW
AND NAMESAKE, JIM TRAPP. HE'S
COME WEST TO RUN THE DIAMOND
OUTFIT.

AFTER THE INITIAL
INTRODUCTIONS
HAD BEEN MADE, JIM
AND HIS UNCLE
RETURED TO THE
LIVING ROOM OF THE
RANCH. IT WAS THEN
JIM WAS TOLD THE
REASON FOR HIS
UNCLE'S REQUEST
THAT HE COME WEST
TO TAKE OVER THE
DIAMOND OUTFIT.

JIM, I BENT FOR YOU BECAUSE
I NEEDED YOUR HELP. I'VE BEEN
LOSING OVER A THOUSAND HEAD OF
CATTLE EACH YEAR AND I WANT
IT STOPPED. I'M TOO OLD TO
DO IT MYSELF--AND YOU ARE
MY ONLY RH--



BUT WHAT COULD A
TENGERFOOT LIKE
ME DO?



I WANT A 100-MILE DRIFT
FENCE BUILT.
WHAT'S A DRIFT
FENCE, AND HOW
WOULD IT SAVE
YOUR STOCK?

UNCLE JIM THEN PROCEEDED TO
EXPLAIN THE PURPOSE TO BE
SERVED BY THE ERECTION OF A
DRIFT FENCE. HE POINTED OUT
THAT HIS LOSSER OF CATTLE
RESULTED FROM THEIR CRAFT-
ING INTO THE LOW COUNTRY,
SOUTH OF THE DIAMOND RANCH
WHERE THEY WERE EITHER
KILLED OR STOLEN. HE FELT
THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT
THESE LOSSER WOULD BE TO
BUILD A DRIFT FENCE ALONG
THE SOUTHERLY EDGE OF THE
DIAMOND RANCH SO THAT THE
CATTLE WOULD ONLY GO AS
FAR AS THE FENCE AND THEN
DRIFT BACK.



THERE'LL BE A LOT OF OPPOSITION, I SUPPOSE.

YES, AND NOT ONLY FROM THE CATTLE RUSTLERS, YOU KNOW, JIM. ALL COWBOYS HATE ANY KIND OF A FENCE--THEY LOVE THE OPEN RANGE. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME TO HAVE SOME OPPOSITION RIGHT HERE IN THE DIAMOND OUTFIT. IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB.



WELL, ALL I CAN SAY, UNCLE JIM, IS THAT I'LL DO MY BEST.

DON'T WORRY, JIM--THE BEST OF A TRAFFT WILL BE ENOUGH.



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS JIM WAS BUSY ACCLIMATING HIMSELF TO THIS NEW KIND OF LIFE. HE RODE OR TRIED TO RIDE ALL THE MUSTANGS AND BROMCHOS ON THE PLACE. HE FAMILIARIZED HIMSELF WITH EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THE RANCH. HIS FIRST MEETING WITH HIS CONBOY OUTFIT IMPRESSED HIM WITH THEIR YOUTH AND VIGOR. THEIR NON-COMMITTAL ATTITUDE MADE HIM REALIZE THAT, TO THEM, HE STILL WAS JUST A TENDER FOOT.



ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, JIM WENT TO TOWN.



TRAFT, I'M HACK JOCELYN. WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT BARBED WIRE?

YOU'RE ONE OF MY CONBOYS, AREN'T YOU?

I AM, BUT THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.

WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT, THE DIAMOND OUTFIT IS IN FOR SOME FENCE BUILDING.



HACK JOCELYN LET OUT AN INSOLENT AND SHRILL GUFFAW.



THAT'S RIGHT, FIRST A TENDERFOOT DUDE
FOREMAN, AND THEN A BARBED WIRE DRIFT
FENCE. WHAT'S THE RANGE COMING
TO?



THE INSOLENCE IN JOCELYN'S VOICE
RANKLED JIM.



JOCELYN, YOU'RE FIRED AND ONLY AN
APOLOGY WILL GET YOU YOUR JOB BACK.



I'M SORRY YOU
HAPPENED TO
SEE THAT.



I'M NOT, I'M PROUD OF YOU,
BUT BE CAREFUL—HACK
JOCELYN HAS KILLED MEN
FOR MUGGLERS AND THAT
GOES FOR THE REST OF THE
DIAMOND OUTFIT.



AS JIM TURNED ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOTEL,
HE NOTICED HIS UNCLE.

YOU MEAN THE
BOYS IN MY
OUTFIT ARE
KILLERS?



REMEMBER, JIM, YOU'RE
OUT WEST NOW AND WHEN
TWO MEN GET INTO AN
ARGUMENT AND DRAW—
IT ISN'T MURDER IF ONE
IS KILLED.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE JIM RECEIVED A HALF-HEARTED APOLOGY FROM HACK JOCELYN. HE ACCEPTED IT IN ORDER TO KEEP HARMONY IN THE DIAMOND OUTFIT. WITHIN A FEW WEEKS ALL THE SUPPLIES WERE IN. THE BUILDING OF THE DRIFT FENCE HAD BEGUN. JIM DID THE FIRST POSTHOLE HIMSELF.





AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION, THE MORSEMEN
HEEDED JIN'S COMMAND



BOSS, THAT WAS SLINGER DUNN AND HIS
PARO, SETH NAVERLY, REAL MEAN NUMBERED
WITH REFS.



IT WAS AT THIS
MOMENT THAT JIN
REALIZED THAT HIS
STANDING UP TO
DUNN AND HIS PARO
HAD AT LEAST WON
FOR HIM THE
RESPECT AND
SUPPORT OF THE
DIAMOND OUTFIT.
HE HAD BEEN TRIED
AND NOT FOUND
WANTING.



THE FENCE BUILDING CONTINUED UNABATED



THE OUTFIT ASKED ME TO SPEAK FOR THEM, BOSS. WE'D LIKE THIS AFTERNOON AND TOMORROW OFF. THERE'S A FAIR ON IN FLAG AND TOMORROW IS RODEO DAY.



GOLLY, WE CAN'T STOP OUR FENCE BUILDING JUST TO GO TO A RODEO.

BUT, BOSS, MOST OF US ARE ENTERED IN THE RODEO. THE DIAMOND HAS WON MOST OF THE EVENTS THE LAST FIVE YEARS RUNNING!

JIM SENSED THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RODEO TO HIS MEN.

O.K. CURLY,--MAKE SURE THIS YEAR IS NO DIFFERENT THAN THE LAST FIVE



THE NEXT DAY JIM WENT IN TO FLAG.







THE FIRST EVENT WAS JUST STARTING.



THE LASSO SPED TO ITS MARK FOR A NEW TIME RECORD IN GOLF ROPING..



BURLY CURLY PRENTISS LUNGED OUT AND - -



IN A JIFFY THE STEER WAS BULLDOGGED.



NEXT CAME THE RIDING OF THE WILD BROMCHOS.



HIS RIDE WAS A SHORT ONE.



IN THIS EVENT, TOO, A DIAMOND HAD WON OUT.



IN QUICK SUCCESSION, THE COWBOYS WITH THE LARGE D ON THEIR ARM BANDS, IDENTIFYING THEM AS MEMBERS OF JIM TRAPT'S DIAMOND OUTFIT, ASSERTED THEIR SUPERIORITY OVER THE OTHER OUTFITS. OUT OF SIXTEEN EVENTS, THE DIAMOND HAD WON NINE FIRST PRIZES. JIM WAS PROUD OF THEM AND PROUDER STILL TO BE THEIR BOSS.

THE DANCE WAS BEING HELD IN THE TOWN HALL.



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?

NO, I'M SORRY BUT THIS DANCE IS PROMISED.



AT THIS VERY MOMENT, JIM TRAPT ENTERED THE DANCE HALL.





FOR ANOTHER YOUNG LOVE HELD SWAY, BUT THEN --

YOU SHOULDN'T--



JIM STEPPED BACK IN SHAME.

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T
MEAN TO INSULT YOU
I MEANT EVERYTHING
I SAID.



I'M SORRY, TOO
I DIDN'T MEAN
TO DO THAT --



YOU'RE JIM TRRAFT AND MY NAME IS MOLLY
DUNN, SISTER OF SLINGER DUNN. WE
BELONG TO DIFFERENT WORLDS.



JIM WAS TAKEN BACK TO THINK THAT THIS
SWEET YOUNG GIRL, TO WHOM HE HAD BETROTHED
HIMSELF, WAS THE SISTER OF SLINGER DUNN, THE
DESPERADO HE HAD ENCOUNTERED ON THE RANGE.

WHAT DOES THAT MATTER?
THE IMPORTANT THING IS
THAT WE LOVE
EACH OTHER.

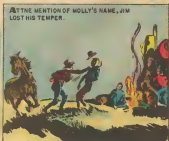


IT'S NO USE, JIM TRRAFT-- IT COULD
NEVER WORK. GOODBYE AND
GOOD LUCK.



AND IN A FLASH SHE WAS GONE.

AS JIM MADE HIS WAY BACK TO CAMP, HIS THOUGHTS WERE ALL OF MOLLY GUNN AND HER DESPERADO, GUN-THROWING BROTHER, SLINGER. HE KNEW THE AFFAIR IN THE GARDEN WAS NO PASSING INFATUATION THE ONLY DISCOURAGING FEATURE IN THE ENTIRE PICTURE WAS HER BROTHER, AND THAT WAS A PROBLEM THE SOLUTION TO WHICH JIM HAD NO WAY OF EVEN IMAGINING.





CURLY'S BULL-LIKE RUSH CAUGHT JIM OFF GUARD



FROM THE BEGINNING IT WAS OBVIOUSLY NO MATCH. JIM CLEVERLY SIDESTEPPEO CURLY'S WIDE-SWEEPING PUNCHES AND EFFECTIVELY COUNTERED WITH CLEAN AND TELLING BLOWS.



A LEFT HOOK BUCKLED CURLY.



A SHARP RIGHT CROSS ENDED THE FIGHT.



LET THIS BE A
LESSON TO THE
REST OF YOU



HOWEVER, JIM COULD NOT STILL THE GOSSIP THAT SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. AS IS USUAL WITH GOSSIP, AT EACH TELLING THE TALE GREW FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. HACK JOGELYN, DISREPUTABLE MEMBER OF THE DIAMOND OUTFIT, WHO SOUGHT HOLLY DUNN FOR HIMSELF, MADE CERTAIN THAT THESE GARBLED TALES REACHED THE EARS OF SLINGER DUNN.



**THE DUNN
HOUSEHOLD**

SIS, I WANT A WORD
WITH YOU



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR
ABOUT JIM TRIFT
INSULTING YOU?





WITH BLAZING EYES, SLINGER SET OUT TO AVENGE WHAT HE THOUGHT HAD BEEN A GRIEVOUS INSULT TO HIS SISTER. MOLLY'S PROTESTS WERE OF NO AVAIL, AND SLINGER LEFT HER TREMBLING AND FRIGHTENED.





HACK JOCELYN LOOKED AROUND AT HIS FORMER PALS. HE SAW NO FRIENDLY FACE, NOR SIGN OF ANYONE SIDING WITH HIM. THE MEN KNEW HE WAS A MEAN BULLY AND ALL WERE GLAD TO BE RID OF HIM. AS HACK TURNED ON HIS HEEL, CURLY SAID, "REMEMBER, BOSS, HACK'S A KILLER. HE'S GONNA BE GUNNIN' FOR YA. WHEN YOU SEE HIM AFTER THIS -- GRAB YOUR GUN AN' SHOOT FIRST. DON'T EVER LET HIM SEE YOUR BACK!"



WITHIN A WEEK IT WAS JIM'S TURN FOR THE SCOUT DUTY HE HAD INITIATED.



JIM WAS INTENT ON TRAILING THIS FENCE GUTTER CLEAR TO HIS HOLE, WHEREVER THAT WAS.



SUDDENLY JIM'S HORSE STOPPED.





HIS VIOLENT COLLISION WITH THE GROUND ENDED JIM'S CONSCIOUSNESS.



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES A SLIGHT BUCKSKIN-GLAD FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE WOODED AREA.



MOLLY QUICKLY LOOSENEED JIM'S CLOTHING TO MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE AND USED HIS SOMBRERO TO FETCH WATER.



GRADUALLY JIM REGAINED HIS SENSES UNTIL, FINALLY, HE COULD RECOGNIZE HIS BENEFCTOR.

MOLLY--AM I
BADLY HURT?

THANK GOD-- NO!
THIS WATCH SAVED
YOUR LIFE.



THE BULLET STRUCK THE CASE--
AND GLANCED UPWARD. GUESS
I'VE JUST A FLESH WOUND.

THOUGHT I COULD
GET UP-- BUT I'M
STILL KINDA
DIZZY.

YOU LOST A
LOT OF BLOOD,
JIM--YOU NEED
TO REST

IT WAS YOUR BROTHER
WHO SHOT ME. WHY DID
HE DO IT, MOLLY?



IT'S ABOUT THAT NIGHT AT THE DANCE. SLINGER BELIEVES THE WORST. I FOLLOWED HIM IN THE HOPES OF STOPPING HIM.



SO YOU CAME TO SAVE ME-- THANKS, MOLLY. BUT THAT BLOCKHEAD OF A BROTHER OF YOURS IS A PROBLEM--I'LL HAVE TO HUNT HIM UP AND SPEAK TO HIM.

JIM DID NOT SEND MOLLY BACK TO THE DIAMOND OUTFIT TO GET AID. HE FEARED THAT HIS COWBOYS WOULD TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS AND SEEK OUT SLINGER OURN. JIM KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO SEE SLINGER HIMSELF. FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS MOLLY MINISTERED TO JIM, ARRIVING AT THE BREAK OF DAY AND LEAVING AT SUNDOWN.



MOLLY--
WILL YOU MARRY
ME?



HOW CAN I-- NOW,
ESPECIALLY, AFTER
WHAT MY BROTHER
DID TO YOU.



SOFT FOOTSTEPS ANNOUNCED A VISITOR.



SLINGER'S FACE WAS CONTORTED IN ANGER,
SO--YOU'RE STILL ALIVE--
GET AWAY FROM HIM,
MOLLY.



SUDDENLY SLINGER DUNN STIFFENED



GOLLY-- THERE'S THE BOSS
AND MOLLY CUNN, TOO



SO YOU FINALLY FOUND
ME, GURLY-- PUT
UP YOUR GUNS



WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOU, BOSS.

JIM THEN PROCEEDED TO TELL HIS COWBOYS OF HIS DISCOVERY OF THE CUT IN THE DRIFT FENCE. HE TOLD THEM HOW HE HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN WHILE FOLLOWING THE HOOF-TRACKS LEADING FROM THE FENCE. HE OMITTED TELLING THEM THAT HIS ASSAILANT HAD BEEN SLINGER CUNN.

AND WHEN I CAME TO-- MOLLY WAS BATHING MY HEAD. SHE HAS BEEN NURSING ME EVER SINCE. HER BROTHER TRAILED HER AND WHEN YOU CAME UP, WAS ACCUSING ME OF BAD INTENTIONS.



DON'T YOU WORRY NONE ABOUT MOLLY, SLINGER. JIM TRAFFIT IS A REAL GENTLEMAN AND YOUR SISTER IS A MIGHTY FINE LADY. NOW VAMOOSE.

IT WAS
A MUCH
BEMILDERED
SLINGER
CUNN
THAT
LEFT.



NOW BACK TO THE RANGH
FOR THE BOSS OF
THE DIAMOND



CURLY AND BUD DISCREETLY LEFT,
SUPPOSEDLY TO GET THE HORSES,
BUT ACTUALLY, TO ENABLE MOLLY
AND JIM TO HAVE A FEW MINUTES
ALONE.



THEY SOON RETURNED WITH THE HORSES, ASSISTED JIM ON TO HIS
MARE AND THE TRIO ROODE
AWAY.



IT WAS A MONTH BEFORE
JIM HAD FULLY RECOVERED
FROM SLINGER
DUNN'S GUNSHOT. JIM
REALIZED THAT SOONER
OR LATER HE WOULD
HAVE TO SETTLE
MATTERS WITH SLINGER,
AND THE SOONER HE DID
IT, THE BETTER IT
WOULD BE FOR MOLLY
AND HIM

THE TOWN OF WEST FORT--SLINGER DUNN'S STAMPING GROUNDS.



YOU'LL FIND
SLINGER IN
MACE'S SALOON.





JIM CONTINUED.

IF YOU WERE A MAN, YOU'D OUIT THIS LAZY, DRINKING, GUN-SLINGING LIFE AND STOP DISGRACING HER. THE FACT THAT YOU BELIEVED THE LYING GOSSIP ABOUT HER SHOWS YOU'RE NO GOOD, AND I'M HERE TO BACK UP MY STATEMENTS WITH MY FISTS.



SLINGER'S PANTHER-LIKE LEAP FOUND JIM PREPARED.



THE MEN TRADED BLOWS WITH JIM HAVING THE BETTER OF THE EXCHANGE.



IT THEN BECAME OBVIOUS THAT SLINGER WAS MANEUVERING JIM INTO A WALL TO SET THE STAGE FOR HIS FAMED ROOSTER ATTACK.

THEN SUDDENLY SLINGER MOVED WITH AMAZING SPEED.



JIM BACKED AWAY AND THAT WAS A MISTAKE, FOR SLINGER HUNG HISSELF ON HIS ELBOWS QUICKLY FORCED JIM TO THE WALL.



ANOTHER OF SLINGER'S KICKS FOUND ITS MARK.



JIM THEN SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY --



A MIGHTY HEAVE AND THE ROOSTER ATTACK WAS THWARTED.



JIM WAS AFTER HIM IN A FLASH.



SLINGER SANK DOWN, LIMP AND SENSELESS.



I CAME DOWN TO LICK HIM AND THEN OFFER HIM A JOB. WHEN HE COMES TO-- TELL HIM THAT IF HE CAN PLAY SQUARE, THERE'S A PLACE IN THE DIAMOND OUTFIT FOR HIM.

AN INTERESTED AND MUCH HORRIFIED SPECTATOR OF THEIR BATTLE WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE REASON FOR IT-- MOLLY DUNN. AT THE END OF IT, SHE RAN HOME SOBING --TERRIFIED AND IN A TERRIBLE STATE OF MIND.



MOLLY QUICKLY GOT A PAIL OF WATER, SOAP, SOME BANDAGES AND SALVE.



DID YOU SEE HIM LICK ME?

YES -- I SAW IT.



HE WAS A BETTER MAN TODAY -- BUT I RECKON THERE'S ANOTHER WAY.



YOU HEAR YOU'LL FORCE HIM TO DRAW-- SLINGER, YOU'LL KILL HIM. JIM IS NO GUN-THROWER.





SLINGER SOON FELL INTO DEEP SLUMBER. NIGHT FELL AND AFTER MAKING SLINGER COMFORTABLE, MOLLY STEPPED OUT INTO THE EVENING AIR. A SHORT WALK ALONE MIGHT HELP HER COLLECT HER THOUGHTS.



A SHARP WHISTLE ELECTRIFIED MOLLY.





BEFORE JIM COULD ANSWER, SEVERAL DARK FORMS APPEARED OUT OF THE BRUSH.



THE GOLD HINDLE OF A REVOLVER IN JIM'S BACK ACCENTED THE DEMAND.



WHAT IS THIS--
A HOLDUP?















GET THIS INTO
OLD MAN TRAPT'S HANDS
TODAY-- AND RIDE
BACK, PRONTO



HACK QUICKLY DRAINED THE
CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE.



NOW FOR
SOME FUN.



HACK FIRED, AND THE
SHATTERING OF GLASS
BROKE THE SUSPENSE.



THEN HACK LEVELLED THE
GUN AGAIN-- AIMING THIS
TIME DIRECTLY AT JIM'S
HEART.



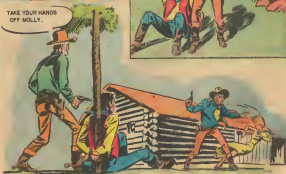


MOLLY MADE A VAIN ATTEMPT TO APPEAL TO HER BROTHER'S FORMER FRIENDS, SETH AND SAM HAYVERLY. THEY RESPONDED BY DODGING INTO THE GABIN. THUS MOLLY AND THE HELPLESS JIM WERE LEFT ALONE TO FACE THE ONCOMING KILLER. MOLLY DID NOT BACK AWAY BUT REMAINED AT JIM'S SIDE, SHIELDING HIM FROM THE EXPECTED ASSAULT.

AS MOLLY BEGAN TO FLEE, HACK JOSELYN WRESTED HIS RIGHT HAND FREE.



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MOLLY.



THEN LIKE A CAT, MOLLY POUNCED UPON HACK'S HAND-HER HANDS AND THEN HER TEETH LOCKED ON HIS WRIST.



THEN SUDDENLY, SLINGER DUNN APPEARED AT JIM'S SIDE





WHILE MOLLY LOOSENED THE BOUNDS THAT TIED JIM, SLINGER SET OUT TO AVENGE HIS BETRAYAL BY HIS ONCEWHILE BUDDIES, SETH AND SAM HAYVERLY. AT THE SIGHT OF SLINGER, THE OTHER OUTLAWS HAD QUICKLY DISAPPEARED. SETH AND SAM REMAINED IN THE CABIN AWAITING SLINGER--REALIZING THAT THE SHOWDOWN WAS AT HAND AND COULDN'T BE AVOIDED.



A BULLET WHIZZED BY BLINGER'S CHEEK AND IN A FLASH HE WAS HUGGING THE OUTSIDE CABIN WALL.



AS BLINGER RIPPED OPEN THE DOOR A FUSILLADE GREETED HIM —



AS THE LAST VOLLEY OF SHOTS SOUNDED, MOLLY AND JIM RUSHED TO THE CABIN.



TAKE A DRINK, SLINGER—
YOU'RE PRETTY BADLY
SHOT UP.

I KNOW,
THEY GAVE ME
BOTH BARRELS
WHEN I CAME IN.



MOLLY AND JIM QUICKLY DID ALL THAT WAS POSSIBLE FOR SLINGER. THEY WASHED AND DRESSED HIS WOUNDS WITH THE LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE IN THE CABIN. ALTHOUGH JIM DID NOT LET ON TO MOLLY, HE REALIZED THAT SLINGER'S CONDITION WAS CRITICAL.

THEIR MINISTERING TO SLINGER WAS INTERRUPTED BY HOOFBEATS.





JIM QUICKLY RELATED THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING HIS KIDNAPPING.

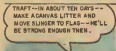


CURLY QUICKLY EXAMINED SLINGER'S WOUNDS WITH AN EXPERIENCED EYE.



WHILE THEY AWAITED THE DOCTOR, CURLY AND JIM ERECTED A TARPULIN SHELTER IN THE DOORWAY. AS SLINGER FELL INTO A DEEP COMA, MOLLY AND JIM WERE FEARFUL OF HIS LIFE. THE NEXT NIGHT, JACK AND DOCTOR SHIELDS ARRIVED.





SLINGER RECOVERED EVEN FASTER THAN DR. SHIELDS HAD PREDICTED AND WITHIN A WEEK JIM BEGAN MAKING PREPARATIONS TO BREAK CAMP.





HI, UNCLE JIM --
WHERE'D YOU
COME FROM?



DR. SHIELDS TOLD ME
OF THESE DOINGS --
HOW'S SLINGER?

ALL RIGHT,
NOW.

SOOO -- I'VE BAD NEWS FOR YOU --
THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT CUT DOWN
SOME NINE MILES OF YOUR FENCE
AND SHOT UP TWO OF THE
DIAMOND'S BOYS.



WHAT'S THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT --
ANOTHER BAND OF RUSTLERS?



ONE OF THE TOUGHEST --
YOU COULD USE A MAN
LIKE SLINGER TO
FIGHT THEM.

I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO GET
SLINGER TO
JOIN UP WITH
US.



AS SOON AS HIS UNCLE HAD LEFT, JIM RUSHED BACK TO MOLLY AND SLINGER.



Horse-Breaking Rigs

THE BEST WAY IN THE WORLD TO START A BIG ARGUMENT, AMONG HORSE BREAKERS AND COWBOYS, IS TO GET A DISCUSSION GOING ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE HACKAMORE, VERSUS THE SNAFFLE BIT, IN THE HANDLING OF YOUNG HORSES. BOTH OF THESE RIGS HAVE THEIR MERITS. A "SNAFFLE BIT MAN" WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A HACKAMORE. WITHOUT A DOUBT, HE CAN GET THE JOB

DONE MORE QUICKLY AND HAVE A HORSE WORKING FAIRLY WELL IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS. ON THE OTHER HAND, A "HACKAMORE MAN" MAY SPEND SEVERAL MONTHS ON A COLT BEFORE HE EVER PUTS A BIT IN HIS MOUTH. BUT IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT, ALMOST INVARIABLY, THE BEST REINED COW HORSES HAVE BEEN STARTED, AND WORKED FOR SOME TIME, IN A HACKAMORE.



The HACKAMORE

A HACKAMORE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HALTER. IT IS COMPOSED OF A BRAIDED RAWHIDE ROPE BAND, OR "BOGAL"; A LIGHTWEIGHT LEATHER HEADSTALL, AND A SMALL COTTON ROPE WHICH FITS AROUND THE HORSE'S NECK, FORMING A THROATLATCH, AND TYING TO THE "BOGAL" UNDER THE HORSE'S CHIN. THE REINS ARE CALLED A "MISCARTY" AND ARE USUALLY MADE OF A LARGE HORSEHAIR, OR COTTON ROPE, TIED IN A ROUND KNOT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOGAL, AND SO ARRANGED, THAT THE LOOSE END CAN BE USED FOR A TIE ROPE.

The SNAFFLE BIT

THE SNAFFLE BIT IS MADE OF FOUR PIECES. THE MOUTHPIECE IS JOINED IN THE CENTER AND ATTACHED TO LARGE RINGS ON THE OUTSIDE. THIS MAKES IT LOOSE AND FLEXIBLE. THE HEADSTALL ON THIS RIG IS USUALLY MADE OF HEAVY SKIRTING OR LAMBO LEATHER, AND IS COMPOSED OF A THROATLATCH; CHEEKS, CROWN, BROW BAND AND BOGAL. SOME HORSE BREAKERS PUT ON A CURB STRAP TO KEEP THE BIT RINGS IN PLACE. THE BEST REINS FOR THIS TYPE OF OUTFIT ARE MADE OF LAMBO LEATHER, ABOUT AN INCH AND A QUARTER IN WIDTH AND SEVEN FEET LONG.



**A fence stood
between them; a
barrier that be-
gan a gun totin'
feud --- a drift
fence that could
not divide two
hearts meant to
be one.**

